

**A Dozen Loose Wires: A Chapbook**  
**Adam Fieled**



## #1300

On the trip I had one mind,  
everyone else had twelve or  
more, I maintained weight,  
sat around doing nothing as I  
wandered a baffling universe  
of locked-in zeroes spinning  
all around the two talismans  
that gave the apartment its  
currents, Jimmy the Face,  
Martha the Mask, and they  
slayed all my enemies, countless  
piles of shit, while fame gave  
me bark to shave off and I  
complained of mirrored graves—

## #1913

You watch, as in slow motion glass-hewn objects crash to the ground, as streams back and forth confirm, once again, you've cracked into a slug-pile of heartless psychopaths—I stand aside, jaundiced, wearing my own glasses, knowing blown glass to be how human interstices are knit, words to be an absolute sky of glass, and here I am, speaking to you in transparencies—

**#1176**

Your guts tell you when  
something's wrong— here  
I am at war in darkness—  
no moss over me, no  
camouflage— I lean forward—  
but oh the degenerate trenches,  
so very boring, passion kept  
to a minimum, fires aglow  
never, and my guts fear  
the soulless twerps, jealous  
that I might be brought low  
by some version of cripple's  
wisdom— Conshohocken—

## #1302

If you're ever making love,  
and at the moment of  
orgasm have a vision of  
your mentor jumping from  
a high window, don't resort  
to watching TV after,  
especially if you've just  
impregnated your lover,  
the emptiness in your eyes  
will be incomparable, some-  
one will be broadcasting your come—

**#1088**

Bottoms of barrels—  
where I go to get “I”

words to represent  
me, but constructs

constrict me down  
to levels of humid

air sucked vacuum-  
space out past sky,

“I” can never be “I”

## #218

The little bourgeois runt has had enough of feeling weak. He's running five miles a day, eating raw eggs, seeing three shrinks, shagging his wife most nights, loving his kids, digging into his work like never before (and oh what important work it is), and, if he may say so himself, become such a lunatic that if they have to scrape his remains from the bottom of the Schuylkill, he won't be surprised. All to rebel against impinging poverty, because the world is crumbling. Not with a bang but with a whimper, he gulps down a beer with dinner, where he preened and postured like a winner with everything knotted in his stomach. If he were raised to be rugged, he'd still be dead.

## #219

Everyone always looks forward to a fight if they've planned the fight themselves—they'll brave the anticipated death, shake the anticipated curse, wake to hear Gabriel's trumpet when it resounds like manna as they are already grave-bound. But nobody has ever known what to do about slow decay, gradual erosion, slow-motion entropy, the kind of shit that actually happens. You wake and half a handful of things have turned to shit, then three months of peace, then the same thing again. What this "I" has learned is that not everybody wins, not everybody lives, if you've got it in you to live you can still get killed, as deathly morons pull up a winning ticket for twenty more years of grand larceny. The lesson is that there is no lesson. What you can learn is to let go of it, everything, and let Gabriel play Miles ad infinitum.



**#154**

I'm not blind or slimy, she told  
him, you're just an asshole with  
unrealistic expectations. Summer  
outside: black and white buildings,  
covered in sweat. The picture evens  
out (roughly) to brown. She swoons  
at the idea of touching. I'm done  
with her, he tells himself, strained  
to keep his hands off el primo real  
estate. But the parents-built picket  
fence is stuck up his ass. Someday  
he'll jounce it out, impale her on it—  
right through the heart. I wonder, she  
chimes blithely, if you can define slime?

**#2054**

Twenty years ago I stood in  
the West Pattee stacks, as she

wove a weird pattern around  
the center aisle tables to see

me (for once, finally) face to  
face, elongated eyes stretched

torturously across her severely  
boned, mask-hard visage— as

I say to the kid, it matters to me;  
if I stumble, it's because her eyes

are equally torturous— Justine has  
her own tsunami I'm dumb before—

## #2070

To lunge from a pile of shit into  
pure ecstasy— I wonder how its done,  
even as I occasionally do it. If you  
hit the right frequency, maybe sun  
light hitting icicles on branches, an  
intersection arranged into a decent  
pictorial composition, or even the  
extreme modesty of a free cookie,  
you get it, that there is a positive  
eternity to balance the infernal ones,  
try to hold onto that frequency, & I have—

**#2099**

You want to stay insured, don't you?  
Not like most of America, who'll be  
called back to the Lord the first time

the call is made— the horrible sickness  
in which insurance is love, forgets that  
love, genuine love, is the only genuine

insurance— you get your mail & become  
Hamlet, do you open it or not, do you  
take longevity seriously anymore, dusty

old windbag that you are, filling out forms?

**#2095**

What a human life is worth—  
either you keep pushing your  
thoughts upwards or you don't,  
& complexities are there to work  
with, emotions— its not a parking  
lot being rained upon on a dreary  
Sunday morning, its wont (the  
mind) to issue, from positions  
of singularity into multiplicity,  
even, literal knives to make their  
own incisions, mountains/valleys  
endure differently, worthiness/humanity—

## **Credits**

**As/Is group poetry blog**— 1300, 1176, 1302, 1088

**Cricket Online Review**— 218, 219

**Field's Miscellaneous**— 154

**Tears in the Fence**— 1913

**F**

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